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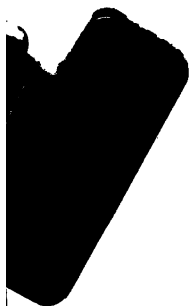


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# ECHOES

BY

HOWARD J. TRUMAN



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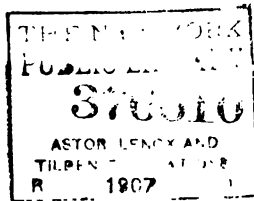
# ECHOS

BY  
HOWARD J. TRUMAN



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## ECHOES.

ECHOES are but feeble, bearing  
One or two clear words at best ;  
Then vague sounds, and he who listens  
For himself must think the rest.

Echoes tell of many voices ;  
Some are weak, and some are strong,—  
Faintheart cries, and echo answers ;  
Greatheart makes a nobler song.

Go, my songs, then ! bear your failings  
Bravely forth and wander free,  
Echoes all of something better  
Than your verse can hope to be.

Faint in you that higher music,  
All unheard, perhaps, of men ;  
But I heard it, and I sang you  
Just to hear it once again.

If in all your wayward discords  
Here and there a note be clear,  
'Tis enough ; no true heart music  
Ever lacked a heart to hear.

If it be not so, then better  
That ye fade, as echoes do.  
Heart and soul shall find their utterance,  
Though it may not be in you.

THE LAW OF LIFE.

(Written for the Tenth Anniversary of the "Emerson," February 10,  
1893.)

Looking backward to the fountains,  
Whence our present strength we draw ;  
Looking forward to the pillar—  
Cloud or flame—that Israel saw ;  
Looking outward, looking soulward,  
We would learn life's perfect law.

Like the youth of old, who questioned  
Thus Jehovah's law and plan,  
We may learn again, as he learned,  
How the Master's answer ran :  
That the law is, and the prophets,  
Simply love for God and man.



If we read the deeper lesson  
That mankind have scarce begun  
In the Master's words to fathom,—  
What this love is and hath done,—  
We may know life's Dual Essence  
In this mystic love as One.

In the Infinite Expression  
Of an Infinite Design,  
We may know both soul and semblance  
As the Spirit's quickening sign,  
And may learn to look on Nature  
As the Face of the Divine.

This, our world, is not forsaken  
By some past creation's power;  
There is God in every atom,  
God in every wind and flower;  
And the world's diviner World-soul  
Is as present as the hour.

All our law of perfect being  
Is to make our purpose hold  
With the purpose of the ages,  
And to see our strength enrolled  
With the strength of God within us,  
As the prophets did of old.

That, with hearts by doubt unconquered,  
We may still our faith renew  
In the soul's divine revealing ;  
And, whate'er the world may do,  
We may trust the Spirit wholly,  
Knowing that its word is true.

Not our feeble act is sinful,  
But to fail in will is crime,  
Failing thus to face the presence  
Of Eternity in Time.  
Every soul can deal sublimely  
With a universe sublime.

Lo ! before us stands the angel :

Shall we grasp his outstretched hand,  
And with swelling hymns to Godward,  
Plant our feet upon the land ;  
Or fall back among the breakers,  
Grasping but the weeds and sand ?

I have faith to bide the answer,

For I know that truth is strong ;  
And the Spirit shall be victor,  
Though the waiting may seem long,  
Till each human soul grow vocal  
With a newer, holier song.

And the Word, whose light was instant

Where unnumbered ages trod,  
In the palace and the hovel,  
Where the weary toil and plod,  
Shall make prince alike, and peasant,  
In its power, the Sons of God.

HYMN TO BALDER.

BALDER the Beautiful, thou white-faced god  
Whom men and Æsir worship, hail to thee !  
Thou that art dead, yet livest, captive thou  
In Hel's dread prison-house of night and death,  
Yet one with God's thought for the world's new birth  
And man's regeneration : Balder, hail !

Lo ! we have mourned thee, Balder, we, the hills ;  
For Nature hath no adamantine chain,  
But must submit, like thee, to change and pass.  
Her flowers few days may wither, and her oaks  
Must fall no less, though centuries mark their time.  
Short space or great, to each some sunset comes.  
We mourn thee, Balder,—in thee, mourn ourselves ;  
But Nature's mighty heart, like thine, pure god,  
Still throbs prophetic of regenerate life,

And in time's morning still renews her strength;  
We die that we may live: hail, Balder, hail!

Lo! we have mourned thee, Balder, human souls;  
For we have seen some blindly uttered shaft,  
Guided by sheer negation, seem to slay  
The fair fruition of our faith and hope.  
We mourn thee, Balder, mourn the past in thee;  
And, for our eyes are holden, fail to see  
The arrow wielded by a brother god,  
If rashly, wisely, for, though Balder's corpse,  
With Earth's laments, shall feed the funeral pyre,  
Yet Balder's soul lives ever; light and truth,  
The light and truth from Chaos, these are still  
Regenerate in the world: hail, Balder, hail!

Lo! we have mourned thee, Balder, we, the gods,  
Who from the dark of primal nature came  
As signs and landmarks to a questioning world.  
But we have served our purpose; we have been  
Those Northern Lights that, in the world's dark age,

Still kept man's soul-sense witness of the sun.  
We mourn thee, Balder; in thy death we find  
Image and presage of our certain doom.  
But from the Spirit's Infinite Presence springs  
An Infinite Expression. Time may change  
The mere syllabic utterance, till the names  
Of Odin, Thor, and Frey, of Hoder, Loke,  
And even thine, fair god, shall cease to be,  
Or be as faintest echoes; yet the Soul,  
The mighty Soul that was the mighty All,  
Ere yet Ginungagap's chaotic space,  
Teeming with Frostland's ice and Muspel's fire,  
Begot creation,—He shall live and be;  
And in Him we shall live, and in Him thou;  
And in His life, O Balder, and thy light,  
Which yet is His light, we shall be as one,  
And One forever: hail, O Balder, hail!

We greet thee, Balder,—Nature, Man, and God;  
Eternal Trinity, Eternal One.

The Norns have taught us lessons. Present growth,  
Sprung from the Past's dead seed-time, bids us read  
The lesson of the Future in our souls.

We see the combat and we read the doom,  
We hear the serpent hiss, the Fenris-wolf,  
Freed from his fetter, prowls the bloody field,  
While over all the flaming sword of Surt  
Ends Ragnarok, the Twilight of the Gods.

Such things we see, O Balder, in our dreams.  
We know thee dead, and yet the Vala's song  
Has bid thee rear, beyond the fiery strife,  
The hall of Gimle,—in a newer world  
A newer heaven, where the gods shall come  
And share thy glory, while the universe  
Shall know thee wholly; so the Vala sang.

We know not, Balder, when or how such things  
Shall come to pass at length, but this we know,  
That even now *thou art*: hail, Balder, hail!

WITH MYSELF.

RISE and be free, O my soul, break forth from the  
fetters that hold thee ;

Rise and be free, O my soul,—free as a bird in the  
air.

Cast it behind thee, the weight that drags thy soaring  
to earthward ;

Know it to be what it is, then let it lie in the dust.

Weakness of flesh,—when the thrill of a quivering  
nerve is no longer

Able to carry the note none else can bear in thy  
chord ;

Weakness of flesh,—when the whole grand harmony  
sinks into discord,

Miracle fades into mist, songs are but uttered as  
sighs.



Who shall be sure of the light that he sees through  
the bars of his prison?

May it not fail him at last?—prove but a will-o'-the-  
wisp?

Nay, O my soul! oh, not so! for the light of thy  
prison is sunlight;

I, in the gloom of the flesh, know that my light is  
of God.

Rise, O my soul, and be free,—transcend thy limit-  
ing burden,

Say what thou art and hast been, speak what thou  
seest before.

I am all and a part, the infinite mass and the atom;  
I am myself and God, lost though I be in His world.  
I have a share in the whole ineffable process of being,  
Linked to an infinite past, forged to the future as well.  
Lo! *I am infinite now*; what reck, if my being were  
ended

Even a moment from this like as a bubble that bursts.

.

I had been infinite yet, for that, in the time of my  
being,

One with the purpose of God, I have reflected His  
world.

Nay, not reflected alone,—I have *been* the world of my  
vision ;

Yea, and my life was its life,—yea, and its story was  
mine.

Thus I have rested my part on the whole of the God-  
head around me.

World of my uttermost soul, Thou art the Soul of my  
world !

Lo ! I am fashioned in Thee ; Thou art and I am in  
Thy being.

Thus in Thy hands I rest, knowing Thee mighty and  
true.

What if the flesh is weak, so the soul be strong in  
assurance,

Turning for infinite strength thus to an infinite  
source ?

Songs that the soul has sung shall ring in limitless  
music,

E'en though the flesh refuse voice to their impotent  
words.

Looking to Godward then, and making my world the  
Eternal,

I can be firm in the fight. He shall reveal how it  
ends.

•

UNITY.

I SPENT a day with a little child  
 Where Nature was pure and undefiled.  
 We saw how the flowers peeped forth and grew,  
 We saw how the robins and cat-birds flew,  
 And how to the pine-tree each season brings  
 The mystical script of its living rings.  
 And the child and the flowers and the birds and trees  
 Were life's incarnate mysteries.

And I asked of these, when our day was done,  
 "How many lives are the life of you all?"  
 And the answer was, "One."

I took the child to its mother's arms,  
 And I watched her bending her fair young charms  
 O'er her babe, and her heart, for weal or woe,  
 Was full of the love that mothers know.

I saw a bird on her lonely nest,  
And I knew there was love in her feathered breast;  
And the infinite force that draws sphere to sphere  
Seemed a type of the love that blossoms here.

And I asked of my soul, when the thought was  
done,

"How many loves make the love we know?"

And the answer was, "One."

I stood where the ocean's surge and swell  
Like a giant's heart-beats rose and fell,  
And the tides, whose deep pulsation clings  
To a rhythm bred in the heart of things.  
And my own swift pulses seemed akin  
To the mighty forces they mingled in;  
Till every harmony seemed to be  
A throb of the great World-heart to me,

And I asked of my heart, when all was done,

"How many hearts are these that beat?"

And the answer was, "One."

I looked to the worlds in space, and saw  
 Their steady march in the hands of Law ;  
 And I saw that the mind, with its power of will  
 And passionate thought, was ordered still  
 By a law that was steady and true, although  
 Its perfect statutes scarce mind might know.  
 And the thousand forms of the life I knew  
 By a thousand laws sprang forth and grew.

And I asked, still wondering what Law had done,  
 "How many laws are these in all?"

And the answer was, "One."

I looked at the web that the spiders weave,  
 And the nests that the birds and the insects leave ;  
 And I watched an earnest thinker trace  
 The lines with which thought has bridled space.  
 To the pyramids' wonder I bowed my head,  
 And lo! an ant-hill was there instead.  
 And in each and in all I still could find  
 The miraculous touch of a guiding Mind.

And I asked, when I saw what that touch had done,  
“How many minds make the mind of all?”

And the answer was, “One.”

I looked in the eyes of my friend, and he  
Was a soul that was looking out at me;  
A soul that my own soul flew to meet,  
As a bird to the mate that he longs to greet.  
I stood on the crest of the mountain, where  
The sky and the sea and the cloudland air  
Were blended in one, and Nature's whole  
Had eyes that uttered a living soul.

And I asked of that soul, as I erst had done,  
“How many souls are the soul of all?”

And the answer was, “One.”

O Life, by whose power our lives are known;  
O Love, whose blessing is all our own;  
O Heart, in whose vast pulsations move  
The Infinite Law and the Infinite Love;

Eternal Mind, whose wonders fall  
From the Living Soul that is all in all:  
Forever the Spirit of Man at the gate  
Of your mystic being shall ask and wait.

And when all his waiting and question are done,  
The Divine Response shall be still the same,—  
The Eternal, Ineffable One.



*IMMORTALITY.*

I SOMETIMES think, as night draws on,  
Of that long sleep, perchance the best,  
With every pulse-beat hushed and stilled,  
And every nerve at rest.

To sleep, and in that sleep to dream?  
Nay, dream, at least, it cannot be.  
Or else the void of endless rest,  
Or immortality.

Which shall it be? I cannot know.  
How can I hope to know what Thou,  
O Infinite Mystery of Life,  
Hast hid from man till now?

I cannot know! The solemn depths  
Of Source and Sequence fold their wings,  
Like guardian angels, o'er the gates  
Of past and future things.

And all the voices that of old  
Were spoken by the would-be wise,  
Borne to me o'er the wrack of years,  
Sound but as children's cries.

The outcry of the ungrown soul,  
The longing to make rich and clear  
That half-formed life which scarce dare hope  
To reach its manhood here.

It well may be that I am blind,  
That these had fuller sight than mine;  
But this I know,—all life is now  
The Infinite and Divine.

I must not question how that Life  
Shall use my atoms for its ends ;  
I may but strive to do the work  
Its present purpose sends.

How can I doubt that Perfect Law,  
By which the universe is planned,  
Has full resource to use my part  
And mould me to its hand?

And I will trust, through light and gloom,  
The purpose that I may not know ;  
I will believe that this is good,  
Because the rest is so.

If it be best that I should live  
Beyond the space of life we see,  
An Infinite Life can surely give  
Such immortality.

Or if by rest the world's great Life  
Its perfect harvest best may reap,  
An Infinite Love, I know, can give  
To His beloved sleep.

## CIRCUMSTANCE.

SAY that I may not hold the place,  
Where I might act the worthiest part ;  
Say that I may not grasp the prize  
That lies the nearest to my heart ;  
Say that I may not prove my strength,  
Where builder's strength is needed most ;  
Say that my life's own weary length  
A weary world of power hath cost ;

Say this be so,—that I but drift,  
As wave and wind and tide may be,  
And make at times a struggling shift  
To reach the land I see ;  
Impute it not to me as crime,  
That wave and tide and wind are strong ;

I can but make my hands keep time  
With their eternal song.

Nor dare I call that mighty sea  
The source of my complaining, when  
I know that every wave is shaped  
By Power unknown to men.  
I may not say, "This is not good,—  
Thus changed,—thus ruled, my world were well,"  
When half I see, misunderstood,  
Remains too much to tell.

Not mine to mark the limits out,  
Where mine own seed might ripen best ;  
Not mine to stake the ground about,  
Where I could toil with zest ;  
To fathom whence my present deed,  
What infinite sequence made it mine,  
Its law of consequence to read,  
And so its purpose to divine :

These are not mine to do. By laws  
Unfathomed as a sentinel set,  
I bide my time, and know that change  
Is wisely ordered,—but not yet.

ENDURANCE.

SEE that thy work be true ;  
See that thy faith be strong ;  
And, if thy task be long,  
Take faith anew.

Though every bough shall bend,  
Yet may the tree endure ;  
Storm-tossed, keep thy strength sure  
Unto the end.

No blow can crush the will.  
He may defy despair,  
Who fronts each separate care  
Unconquered still.



There is a wealth of power,  
On which the soul can draw ;  
The great Unwritten Law  
Enrolls each hour

With him who dares to stand  
For what he sees to do,  
And with the Strong and True  
Walks hand in hand.

Men may or may not know ;  
What matter, if the will,  
When vanquished most, is still  
Most victor so?

A THOUGHT.

MAKE every thought an act ! for only so  
Can thy thought be  
A part of Infinite Wisdom, which creates  
With every thought a fact, and from whose gates  
Of mystery  
The power to be comes with the power to know.

Make every act a thought ! for thus alone  
Can thy act stand  
A part of God's own acting,—soul-possessed,  
As it was soul-begotten,—made to rest,  
Sublime and grand,  
On His eternity, which is thine own.

## OCEAN VOICES.

## I.

*πολὴς ἐπὶ θανάθι θαλάσσης.*

THE sky above is gray,  
And the sea is gray below,  
And my heart is bowed with the nameless sway  
Of a sorrow I may not know.

Thou peer of creation's slaves,  
How great is thy age, O sea!  
The hoary heads of thy crested waves  
Hold secrets too deep for me.

Dost thou mourn with the pain of age  
For the time when the world was born,  
And, seized in the power of thine early rage,  
The mountains were cleft and torn?

Dost thou hold a trust from heaven,  
Too solemn and great for joy?  
I may not know, for it is not given,  
The thoughts that thy heart employ.

So I look far off, to where  
The great gray stretch of sea  
Is merged in the dark gray line of air,  
And the rest is mystery.

For the ocean<sup>\*</sup> is veiling itself in cloud,  
As it throbs with a sullen swell,  
And the surf on the shore is groaning loud,  
But it has no tale to tell.

So the great gray waves may roll  
From the heart of that sombre sea;  
I only know that its secret soul  
Is akin to the soul in me.

For the sky above is gray,  
And the sea is gray below,  
And my heart is bowed with the nameless sway  
Of a sorrow I may not know.

## II.

Of a sudden the clouds were rifted,  
And the sun came forth to shine,  
And the great sea passed from its solemn gray.  
Through tints like the dregs of wine,  
Till it greened in the gray-green distance  
On the dark horizon's line;  
Though clouds were wrapped around it still,—  
Round sea and soul of mine.

And then a streak in the cloud-line,  
Of deepest, fairest blue;  
A narrow slit, that scarce might seem  
A glimpse of sky, but more a gleam  
Athwart the darker hue;

A promise,—and scarcely a promise,—just  
A word that the sea-clouds knew.

III.

MARE TRIPLEX.

A triple line of sea, in white, in green, and blue;  
A long, broad stretch of shore, where its breaking  
foam-crests run;  
With darkening clouds in the sky o'erhead  
And, behind the clouds, the sun.

A whitening belt of foam, where the breakers roll and  
roar,  
With its ceaseless struggle and vague unrest,  
Lies nearest to the shore.

And my heart goes out to sea through the struggle  
and surge and spray;  
And I feel that the beat of those pulsing waves  
Is the struggle of every day.

A type of the toil and pain in the lives of women  
and men ;

A type of the longing to be and grow  
In the *Now* that would be *Then*.

And I look beyond the foam, where a deep, dark  
line of green,  
Like the autumn's hue of a settled hope,  
Lies soberly between.

The hope of a soul that knows what the peril and  
wreck may be,  
But the hope of a soul whose faith is deep  
As the depth of that quiet sea.

And I raise my eyes again to the far horizon's verge,  
A soft blue line that ends in mist,  
Where the sea and the sunlight merge.

Let that heavenly tint of thine, O sky that I may  
not see,  
Though the clouds are gathered overhead,  
Be thrown on the waves for me.

O solemn mist, where all this clouded world of mine  
Is made the threshold of Infinite Life,  
Shine on with Light Divine!

Thou art as a sign and seal, that to man on earth is  
given,  
To lighten his struggle and toil and hope,  
Some present glimpse of heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

The clouds above may change, and the ever changing  
sea  
May wear on the morrow another face,  
But the picture stays with me.



A triple line of sea, in white, in green, and blue;  
A long, broad stretch of shore, where its breaking  
foam-crests run;  
With darkening clouds in the sky o'erhead  
And, behind the clouds, the sun.

## IV.

## TO A SEA-SHELL.

I put thee to my ear, little shell,  
And I thank thee, for I know thy music well;  
Not thy own,—  
No, indeed!  
Sandy beach and marshy reed  
Heard that music landward blown  
From a mightier voice than thine,  
When the sea-wind, flecked with brine,  
Kissed the shore,  
And the ocean's ceaseless sound,

From its great sea-heart outbound,—  
Now a whisper,—now a roar,—  
Swelled and ebbd, an infinite round.

When thy slight life ceased to be,  
Then to speak eternal things  
And sing of immortality,

Little shell, didst thou begin?  
Did thy life go out from thee?

Higher life came in!  
Voice of God in voice of sea,  
Child of ocean, speaks in thee.

Little merman by the sea,  
Born a dumb and dying thing,  
Roused to constant whispering,  
Cradled where the surges roll;  
Little merman by the sea,  
From those depths of mystery  
Thou hast gained a soul.

**EVENING ON PENOBSCOT.**

BROADLY spread and gently rippled  
By the breath of evening air,  
Lie thy waters, bay of beauty,  
With the island gems they bear.

On thy softly heaving bosom  
Day's last calm caress is laid,  
Folding rock and cove and headland  
In its arms of light and shade.

Fairest hues of rose and purple,  
Hill and cloud, are mirrored there;  
Soft blues, fading into silver,  
Meet the glory of thy air.

Hills embrace thee, reaching skyward  
In a firm and rock-bound line,  
With their curve of beauty strengthened  
By the shade of spruce and pine.

And I stand alone and watch thee,  
While each ripple bids good-night  
To some lingering ray of sunshine  
Or some tint of softened light.

Holy shadows veil thy mountains;  
Solemn mists are round them all;  
Thou hast drawn thy robe about thee  
Softly as cool night dews fall.

Thou hast left the day behind thee,  
And beneath the mist's dark bars,  
Peaceful, patient, thou art waiting  
For the rising of the stars.

## A SPRING FRAGMENT.

THE giant is rousing himself to be,  
From the sleep he has slept so long,  
And the birds are singing in every tree  
The notes of his morning song.

Come, mark with me where his pulses beat  
In the sap of each trunk and stem,  
And feel the warmth of his quickening breath  
In the air that quickens them.

The grass of each meadow and garden spot  
Bears joy in its shimmering hue ;  
Our giant, the earth, is new-begot,  
And the garments he wears are new.

Hurrah! for the giant,—his wealth and power;

Hurrah! for the new-born king;

Hurrah! for the strength of his natal hour;

Hurrah! for the royal Spring.

*A CORDIAL.*

LET me dance among the fairies, where the light is  
on the river,—

The light that shines so golden from the full and  
perfect moon ;

Let them trip their merriest measure ; let the dance  
go on forever

To the humming of the insects and the forest's  
mystic tune.

I would fain give over toiling ; I would fain give  
over thinking ;

I would only press me closely to Nature's throbbing  
breast ;

And from founts that spring unbidden, oh, how fain  
would I be drinking .

All that draught of living waters which alone can  
give me rest !

Where the water-sprites go sailing, on white lily  
petals driven,

And the fire-flies stud with jewels all the palpitating  
air,

And the very stars shine gayly, like the fire-fly lamps  
of heaven,

And the breath of summer blossoms scents the  
silence everywhere ;

In the changing lights and shadows there is rest for  
hearts that sorrow,

For, where Nature knows no mourning, how can  
heart of man be sad ?



In her arms, pain's graceless outlines all her wondrous  
drous grace shall borrow,  
And her thrill of living gladness shall make all  
who know her glad.

All the whispers of the branches and the winds that  
float among them,  
All the murmurs of the river, as it hastens toward  
the sea,  
All the cheery little songsters chirping songs the  
wood-notes sung them,  
All the sweet, coquetting flowerets peeping out at  
you and me:

These are cordial for the spirit,—deep and strong  
and full of meaning,  
Ever changing,—never failing, never growing dull  
or old;

And the heart shall seek this cordial with a wealth of  
tender leaning,  
When its own half-dying forge-fires fade in ashes  
dull and cold.

Lo! upon this Rock of Ages God His mightiest  
Church hath planted,  
Where the soul may meet Him freely in the forest  
and the sea;  
And from such most dear communion may face life's  
attaint undaunted,  
Knowing that He is forever, and forevermore shall  
be.

**MIST.**

SIGHING and dreaming,  
Lightly surrounded,  
Lo! I am drifting over the sea ;  
While hope unfounded,  
Life that is seeming,  
Fall like a shroud or a mist over me.

Sunlight and glory  
Shine through the veiling,  
Kindle my soul with their radiant fire.  
Onward still sailing,  
Ending no story,  
Drift I, till glory and sunlight expire.

Were the mist lifting  
But till my vision  
Pierced through its folds to my haven of rest,  
Knowing my mission,  
Ceasing all drifting,  
Then might I steer on some worthier quest.

But I am weary,  
Faint is my seeing,  
Still I must drift where the waters may guide;  
True to my being,  
Though life be dreary,  
Trusting the Hand that hath ordered the tide.

Sighing and dreaming,  
Still be surrounded,  
While I am drifting over the sea;  
While hope unfounded,  
Life that is seeming,  
Fall like a shroud or a mist over me.

**MOONLIGHT.**

SET me where the moonlight shimmers  
In a golden silver sea;  
Let its dream-tide inspiration  
Cast its magic over me,  
Till I dream a golden vision  
In that golden silver sea.

Say not that such dreams are fancies,  
Idle as the idle air;  
For the moonlight hath its message,  
And the dream is passing fair.  
All the law of holiest living  
May be sought and studied there.

Hold thy dreams! what else shall teach thee  
    How to live and how to do?  
How to pass, with faith unconquered,  
    From the old time to the new?  
Hold thy dreams! what else shall teach thee  
    What is false and what is true?

Sunlight burns; and facts may fashion  
    All thy purposed courage ill,  
Shape to poor and low ideals  
    All thy honest strength of will;  
Till thy soul forget that truth is  
    Holiest of Holies still.

Moonlight is but simple sunlight  
    Sinking into every vein,  
Till, with heart and eye made single,  
    We can read the vision plain,  
And can learn in rapt devotion  
    Thus to hold the light again.

Do not deem that light illusion ;  
Guard the truth thy vision won.  
Radiant with the Light Eternal  
Stands thy dream, a fact begun ;  
As the moon's soft flood of silver  
Spreads the glory of the sun.

And the soul that holds most truly  
To its purest visions, may,  
When the dawn's encroaching shadows  
Shall have come and passed away,  
Step from forth the moonlight's silver  
To a full and perfect day.

DREAMLAND.

SOMEWHERE in the depths of the evening sky

There must be a land of dreams,

A pleasant place, where from mountains high,

Past cloudland vales, there ripples by

The water of golden streams.

A land whose sun-waves, pulsing free,

Are tuned to a joyous strain,

But whose lightest shades are mystery,

While its deeper shadows fall on me

As the symbol and soul of pain.

In the depths of the evening sky somewhere

I know that that dreamland lies ;

And I know that the Spirit of Truth lives there,

And is half revealed by the evening air,

Half hidden from mortal eyes.



Our keenest joy and our deepest woe  
Are sweetly sad and sadly sweet  
In that land of dreams; and there, I know,  
They are, though on earth they differ so,  
Twin angels when they meet.

And so, for a space, O world, good-bye !  
Good-bye to the life that seems !  
The real life lies where the evening sky  
Reveals what it veils, and my soul and I  
Have embarked for that land of dreams.

## ART.

THE power to see, as by a gift divine,  
All things informed with beauty, truth, and love ;  
From smallest atoms that God's force doth move,  
Up to the grandest radiance that can shine  
For human inspiration,—mighty wine,  
That stirs the sluggish soul to look, and prove  
Its insight one with God's,—to rise above  
The clogs of sense, and read His grand design :  
Just this is art,—to know all truth as one,  
And that truth one with beauty evermore ;  
To know all evil as a good begun ;  
Each meanest thing a gem from His rich store,  
Whose Life gives life to soul and star and sun ;  
To see,—to know,—to utter and adore.

## CLOUDS.

NOT sunlight only calls our gaze on high ;  
God sets our clouds above us, and our care  
Is often but the shadow falling where  
A cloud has come between us and the sky.  
If we but front it boldly, if we try  
To fix our sight on heaven, lo ! the air  
Of God's own universe, wind-swept and fair,  
By His decree, becomes our firm ally.  
And with our eyes turned upward to the bar  
That He has set to test our strength of view ;  
And with our soul-light for the guiding star  
That once the shepherds and the Magi knew ;  
We need, God-taught, but patience, till afar,  
Beyond the driven clouds, the sun shines through.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

(September 7, 1892.)

VOICE of the century's greatest heart-throb thou,  
Thy message has been uttered, and thy song,  
Through after generations borne along,  
Shall register a nation's solemn vow.  
O bard, we need thy trumpet-utterance now,  
To shame the foul inheritance of wrong.  
Again the cry arises, "Lord, how long  
Shall men, self-blinded, at crime's altars bow?"  
Prophet of freedom and of right! thy strain  
Was one with God's own harmonies. The seer,  
Who reads a shadowed future, hopes in vain  
Some voice inspired by faith like thine to hear.  
Oh, may this nation, that matured with thee,  
Gain thine own courage to be just and free!

## ASPIRATION.

FROM forth the mystery of a yearning soul  
Into the mystery of the Supreme Good,  
Though dimly seen and feebly understood,  
We seek a way, as to the only goal,  
Toward which the forces of our being roll,  
Informed with visions of Infinitude,  
In one impeded, but resistless flood  
Of godlike purpose, that outbids control.  
Our hope lies in such impulse. We will stand  
Expectant ever, looking soulward still,  
Till, by the guidance of a Wiser Will,  
We reach the confines of our promised land,  
And, through all lights and shades of mystery,  
See that clear truth which makes the spirit free.

*TO R. B. N.*

OH, friend, whose friendship time did naught to make,  
Nor, in its changes, can do aught to mar,  
These heart-writ lines, all tuneless though they are,  
I pray thee take them for that friendship's sake ;  
And with them just myself,—and further take  
A love that knows nor time nor space as bar  
To its full presence,—knows no near nor far,  
But is as light is unto men who wake.  
I thank the Infinite Light for such a dawn ;  
I thank thee, oh, my friend, and humbly pray,  
That when the twilight falls on life's brief day,  
This perfect radiance may shine unwithdrawn ;  
A present light, as long as eyes can see ;  
A soul light, constant while the soul shall be.

## VIOLETS.

(To my little daughter.)

THE violet whispers still to me  
Of thoughtful love and loving thought.  
Thought makes love modest,—so is she;  
And love crowns thought with mystery,  
Like that her violet tints have caught.

God bless the two in one and thee,  
My darling with the deep blue eyes!  
Thy gift of violets has for me  
Sweet words that are, as violets be,  
Unspoken, but most loving-wise.

THE SINGING-BIRD AND THE SPARROW.

A SINGING-BIRD sat on the bough of a tree  
And trilled and warbled his song so free ;  
He saw the water and saw the flowers  
And the great green leaves in their shady bowers ;  
He felt the hush of the morning air,  
And his song was fashioned to love and prayer ;  
He marked the noon, when the sun was high,  
And sang of the light from a cloudless sky ;  
And he raised, in the glow of the setting sun,  
A pæan of praise for the work well done.  
And all who heard him, or birds or men,  
Were eager to listen and hear again  
The notes of this bird, whose song-craft true  
Told everything old in a way so new.



66 *THE SINGING-BIRD AND THE SPARROW.*

Now it chanced, in this tree, on the lower boughs,  
A sparrow had builded his humble house.  
And he was pensive, and wondered why,  
When he too gazed on the earth and sky,  
And thrilled to the beauty of flower and tree,  
His song was not what it ought to be,  
And his heart's full message no ear had heard  
In the tuneless chirp of the dull brown bird.

At the foot of the tree a tiny maid—  
A five year old—her footsteps stayed,  
And cried, as she lifted her eyes so blue,  
“You good little sparrow, I'm looking for you !  
When winter came and the ground was white,  
You flew to our door with the morning light,  
And chirped your greeting so bravely there,  
In spite of the cold that was hard to bear ;  
And I loved to think, when your chirp was heard,  
That even in winter God sent a bird.”

*THE SINGING-BIRD AND THE SPARROW.* 67

The singing-bird, from the top of the tree,  
Sent forth a wonderful melody;  
But the sparrow's chirp was a merrier one,  
As he thought of the good that his song had done.

## AN OLD STORY.

LANG syne, as I heard the story told,  
A wee sma' birdie left his nest,  
And fluttered out in the rain and cold,  
And wondered what was his worldly quest.

And in praise for the rain, the flowerets knelt  
On the fresh green sod, and the cold's last sting  
Was the shudder old Puritan Winter felt  
At the frivolous life of the gay young Spring.

But in time, as the story was told to me,  
The wee sma' birdie found his mate;  
And then life's problems began to be  
A graver matter to contemplate.

And he flew to the east and he flew to the west,  
But not with a truant's wish to roam,  
For now he had settled his worldly quest,  
And he knew that his seeking was all for home.

And at length, 'neath a freight-car's sheltering eaves,  
He found a corner to build his nest ;  
And straw was plenty and fallen leaves,  
And our birds sang gayly and built their best.

He had brought his mate, and their eggs so frail  
Were laid and hatched, and the nestlings grew ;  
And the summer long, o'er their world of rail,  
Backward and forward our wee birds flew.

But when the frost and the falling leaves  
Gave sign that a southern home was best,  
The trainmen found 'neath the old car's eaves,  
In a quiet corner, an empty nest.

**THE DEUTSCHRITTER'S AVE.**

(From the German of Emanuel Geibel.)

"SIR OTT VOM BÜHL, our need is dread,  
Show now a faithful mind;  
For the field is red, and our brethren are dead,  
And the foe rides hard behind.

"Full many a shivered lance I mourn,  
Full many a good shield broken;  
But more for the cup in my mantle borne,  
The sacrament's holy token.

"On the field of battle we kissed its rim,  
To make with God our peace;  
Shall the heathen drain it in scorn of Him,  
Ere the victory's orgies cease?

"Sir Ott, and if you feel strong and young,  
Again turn your steed and stay,  
And try, with your sharp sword bravely swung,  
To hold yon pack at bay.

"And if you but keep them so long delayed  
As an Ave Marie might need,  
The chalice for which you have fought and prayed  
Will be saved by my stallion's speed."

Of little thought Sir Ott had need,  
Nor aught spake he but "Yea!"  
The Master's steed sprang off with speed  
In the moonlight's silver ray.

And when the cross on his mantle white  
In the distance to view was lost,  
On smoking steeds dashed into sight  
The Lithuanian host.

And when that mantle swept the air,  
Like a white swan flying low,  
They fell upon the young knight there  
With many a furious blow.

Their crooked sword-blades gleamed on high,  
Loud rattled their war-clubs black,  
And shrill in the midst rose their battle-cry  
Like the howl of a hungry pack.

"Now, Ave Marie!" Sir Otto said,  
And struck with might and main;  
The chieftain fell from his saddle dead,  
With his temple cleft in twain.

The second word the hero prayed,  
And aimed a mightier blow;  
Beneath the banner's folds he laid  
The standard-bearer low.

And word on word, and stroke on stroke,

A brave prayer that to pray !

At every word the warrior spoke,

Mowed down, a heathen lay.

And the knight's good corselet was yawning wide,

And its steel rings, row on row,

Grew red, but untiring his blade he plied,

And death was in every blow.

And his shield was cleft and his horse was slain ;

On foot then still fought he,

With both hands wielding his sword amain,

And praying the Ave Marie.

But when the words of the prayer were said,

One blow !—and it did not fail,—

And then, mid the slain that his sword had made,

He sank, all bleeding and pale.



His lips were dumb, his arm was weak,  
In death his heart was set ;  
The Amen even he could not speak,  
And that was his last regret.

But straightway his foes flung their racers around,  
Nor lusted more fighting to see ;  
And the holy chalice was safe and sound  
By the good knight's Ave Marie.

God grant him up yonder a blessed rest  
For the battle's confusion given,  
For he, who on earth such a prayer addressed,  
May say the Amen in heaven.

THE DOVES OF SAN MARCO.

(From the German of Emanuel Geibel.)

ROUND the spires of old San Marco silver swarms of  
white doves flutter ;

Birds of heaven, say the people, sent God's loving  
grace to utter.

There was once a lad in Venice, nobly born and full  
of merit,

But, alas ! to angry passion all too rashly rose his  
spirit.

Once at night, through lonely by-ways from the arms  
of love returning,

Met he his discarded rival, full of scorn and friend-  
ship spurning,

Who, with wanton jest and insult, there blasphemed  
his love and lady ;

To his heart the lad's hot blood rushed,—pale with  
wrath, a moment stayed he,

Then sprang forward, with his right hand his Damas-  
cus dagger grasping ;

On the marble steps the other, smitten but too well,  
lay gasping.

Stifled breathing, feeble moaning, and 'twas hopeless  
to restore him ;

But the murderer stared in silence on the moonlit  
corpse before him.

With his foe's dark eye of anger, broken now his  
hate had vanished ;

With the heart's blood of his rival all his peace was  
spent and banished.

And to flight his trusty comrades prompted him, but  
sadly said he,

“ Can I from myself escape then? For the judge this  
head is ready.”

To the hall of the High Council that same hour he  
gained admission.

Black-robed there, on chairs of sable, old men sat in  
solemn session.

“Fill your lamps anew, ye judges! Let your sentence  
rest upon me,

Ere you close this night your council, for the guilt of  
blood is on me.”

And the Doge looked down in wonder; but he  
showed his steel all bleeding,

Called the witnesses, while louder the dumb corpse its  
cause lay pleading.

Though the judges lingered sadly, all too plain was  
his transgression;

They were forced to doom him guilty, ere the dawn  
had closed their session.

And the youth went forth to prison with firm step  
and grave submission,

Wrestled seven days and nights there, all alone in hot  
contrition;

Bade farewell to all his kindred, bade farewell to  
love and living;

Prayed but for some gracious token of God's merciful forgiving.

On the eighth day, from San Marco the great bell rang deep and solemn ;

By the block the blood-red headsman waited 'neath the fatal column ;

Priests were chanting, spears were gleaming, like a grating onward creeping ;

While a thousand eyes in Venice for the lad's fair youth were weeping.

Once more to the glorious sunlight glanced he, his pale face revealing,

Kissed the cross, and bowed his head then to the stroke, in silence kneeling.

Hark ! the sound of rustling pinions, as when birds their flight are keeping ;

Swarms of doves, as white as silver, swiftly down on him are sweeping.

That no stroke may reach him through them, him from head to foot they cover ;

Like the innocent's white mantle, outstretched wings  
around him hover.

And the judges whisper softly, and the headsman  
stares, half doubting.

"Grace!" from mouth to mouth the cry goes; "Grace!"  
the people round are shouting.

But the Doge, commanding silence, thus unto the lad  
hath spoken :

"Earth's decrees are void and futile, where High  
Heaven sends its token.

Be it far from us to covet blood of him whom God  
doth pardon.

Go! and on our armed galleys fight Christ's foes and  
win thy guerdon."

And the lad became a hero on those ships in war's  
stern testing;

But to-day in old San Marco still those swarms of  
doves are nesting.

## SONG BEFORE BATTLE.

(From the German of Wilhelm Müller. Hellenic Songs.)

Who fights and falls for freedom, his fame shall live  
and grow,

As long as free winds winnow the free air here below ;

As long as in the greenwood the rustling leaves are free ;

As long as each broad river flows in freedom to the  
sea ;

As long as eagles' pinions sweep freely through the air ;

As long as free breath stirs the hearts that honest  
freemen bear.

Who fights and falls for freedom, his fame shall live  
and grow,

As long as souls of freemen still through earth and  
heaven go.

Through earth and heaven it hovers yet, that shadowy  
hero-line,  
Moves round us in the silent night, in days of shade  
and shine,  
In storm that breaks the haughty pines, and in the  
gentle air  
That breathes through grass on freemen's graves its  
softly whispered prayer.

At the hearth of children's children, round their  
cradles and their fires,  
In Hellas, land of heroes, stirs the spirit of their  
sires.  
It breathes in dreams of wonder on the infant at the  
breast,  
And in his first sweet sleep the child for manhood's  
crown hath blessed ;  
Its power the young man summons forth, with joy  
ne'er felt before,  
To where a hero nobly fell, and then it lays once more



Its impulse on his quivering breast, and thrills his  
heart again;

He knows not whether ecstasy be this he feels or  
pain.

Descend, thou holy spirit throng, and swell our stand-  
ards high,

Make quick the pulse-beats of our hearts, our feet  
with speed supply;

For we march forth for freedom with our weapons in  
our hand;

We march to battle and to death for God and native  
land.

Ye are with us! ye hover round; your spirits, great  
and free,

Breathe magic notes, that echo through our songs of  
jubilee.

Ye are with us! ye hover near; you from Thermopylae,  
And you from Marathon's green plain, and you from  
yon blue sea,

From Mycale's cloud-girdled peak,—from Salamis'  
broad strand ;

Ye all from mountain, wood, and vale in Greece, our  
native land.

Who fights and falls for freedom, his fame shall live  
and grow,

As long as free winds winnow the free air here below ;

. As long as in the greenwood the rustling leaves are  
free ;

As long as each broad river flows in freedom to the  
sea ;

As long as eagles' pinions sweep freely through the  
air ;

As long as free breath stirs the hearts that honest  
freemen bear.

## WERNER'S SONG.

(From the German of J. V. von Scheffel. *Der Trompeter von Säckingen*.)

'Tis in our life a law of evil seeming,  
That with our roses still the thorns must grow ;  
And each poor heart, despite its love and dreaming,  
Still, in the end, some parting's pang must know.  
I read thy eyes once, sweet, their import guessing,  
A gleam of love and joy was there for me.  
God keep thee, dear ! It were too great a blessing ;  
God keep thee, dear ! It was not meant to be.

Pain, hate, and envy I have known full measure,  
A weary wanderer, tempest-tossed and tried ;  
'Twas then I dreamt of peace and hours of leisure,  
For then my pathway led me to thy side.

I thought to gain new health from thy caressing,  
And so to give my grateful life to thee.  
God keep thee, dear! It were too great a blessing;  
God keep thee, dear! It was not meant to be.

The clouds and wind rush o'er the leaves together;  
A shower of rain sweeps woods and meadow-lands;  
For parting, love, 'tis just the fitting weather,  
Gray as the sky, the world before me stands.  
If good or ill my fate, it skills not 'guessing;  
I, faithful still, fair maid, shall think of thee.  
God keep thee, dear! It were too great a blessing;  
God keep thee, dear! It was not meant to be.

## INTERPRETATION.

(From the German of Walther von der Vogelweide.)

WHEN spring to summer 'gan to pass,  
And the flowerets through the grass  
Cheerily were springing,  
Where the birds were singing,  
There I came a-pondering,  
Through a meadow wandering,  
Where arose a clear, pure spring,  
Past the forest murmuring,  
Where the nightingale did sing.

By the brooklet stood a tree ;  
There I chanced a dream to see.  
I from the sun's bright shining  
Was by the brook reclining,

That lindens of the meadow  
Might grant me cooling shadow.  
By the brookside sat I, where  
I did quite forget my care,  
And I slept, while sitting there.

And it seemed, the while I slept,  
That all lands my service kept,  
And my soul was given  
A pathway free to heaven,  
While I on earth had leisure  
To act my own good pleasure.  
'Twas, indeed, no pain to me;  
'Twas God's will, howe'er it be.  
Fairer dream no man might see.

I fain had gone on sleeping 'so,  
But that some unholy crow  
Then began her shrieking.  
On all crows I'd be wreaking

Of vengeance ample measure !  
She took from me much pleasure.  
Her screaming chased my dream away ;  
But that no stones about me lay,  
It had been her atonement-day.

But an old wife heard my call,  
And gave me comfort for it all.  
She swore and promised roundly,  
And then explained profoundly  
My dream, with shrewd invention.  
Let wise folk give attention :  
Two and one are always three ;  
And besides, she told to me,  
My thumb must a finger be.

FROM HORACE.

(Odes I. 38.)

I, O boy, detest Persian pomp and fashion ;  
Chaplets richly wrought have no power to please me.  
Seek no more to know in what nooks still linger  
Summer's last roses.

To the myrtle's grace thou canst add no graces  
By thy anxious care. Neither thy deft service  
Doth the myrtle shame, nor thy master drinking  
Under the vine-leaves.



## ALCAICS.

I SCARCE may reach the wonderful harmonies  
That lie close locked in dreams of antiquity ;  
    That touch the far-off isles of Hellas,  
    Clinging like vines to her wealth of fancy.

I love the notes that, rising in unison,  
Can fill the heart with cheerier melodies,  
    And lay the pain of hidden sorrow,  
    Taming its power by a gentler magic.

I love the yet more marvellous witchery,  
The rhythmic force that whispers of unity,  
    Of one impulsive, throbbing world-force,  
    Linking our *now* with the *then* of ages.

The thought and soul that breathed in their melody  
Are quick to-day in quivering fantasy ;  
    The form shall live a fair exotic,  
    Telling the world of eternal beauty.

## THE NEW SONG.

Nor the song that was uttered yesterday  
Is the song to sing,  
For that and its beauty are far away  
As the buds of spring.

A newer thought and a newer song  
Have come to me;  
I knew not yesterday how strong  
My life could be.

I thought I could sing of Nature then  
And her ways and ends,  
Nor dreamt how well I could sing it when  
We were better friends.

I sang as I might of the inmost soul  
And the Good and True ;  
I have learned that the Spirit's wealth is whole,  
To be found anew.

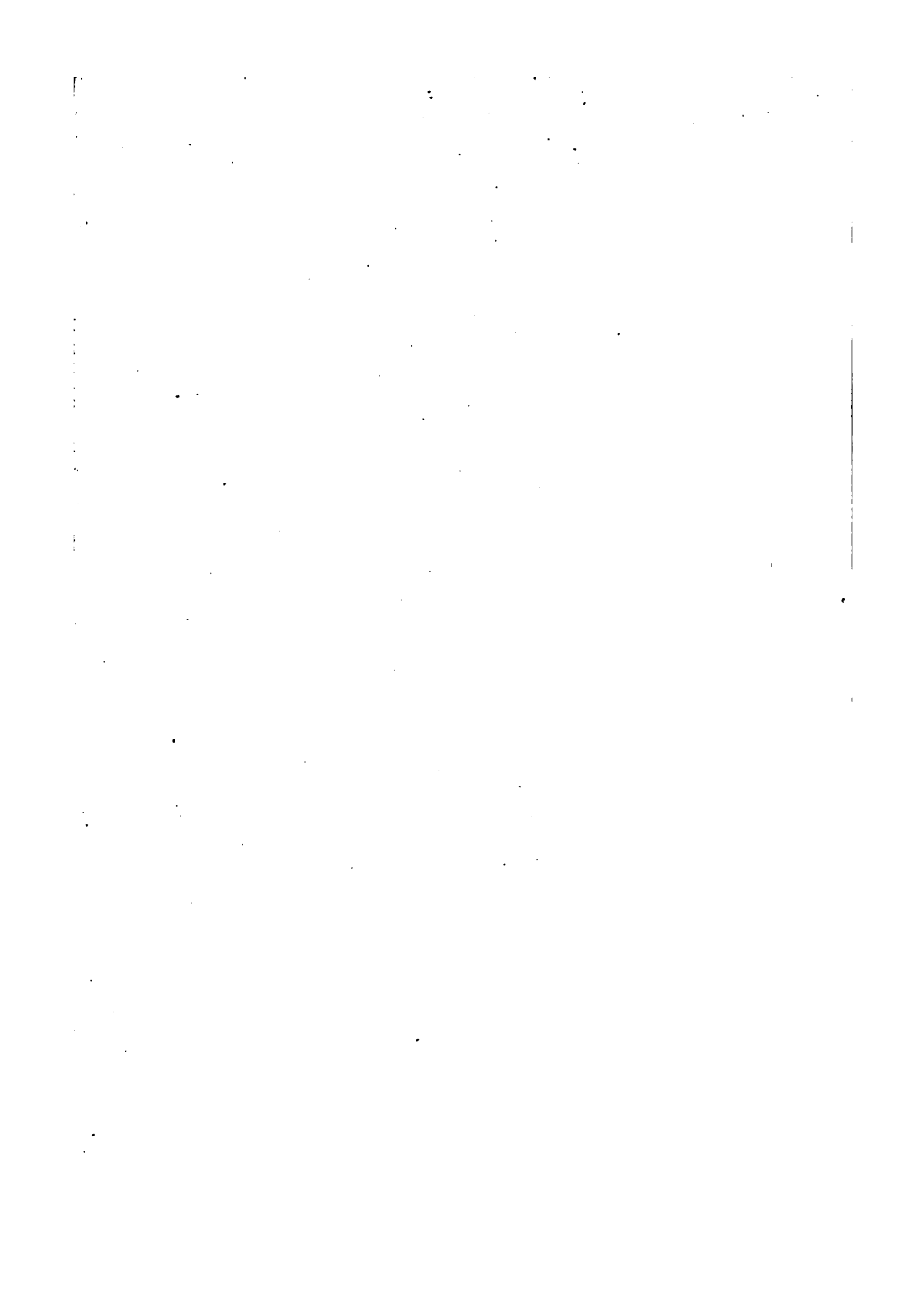
It was well that I sang the song as I did,  
In the older way ;  
For close in its broken chords lay hid  
The song of to-day.

And to-day I must be and sing what I know,  
Though I sing it wrong,  
That to-morrow's music again may show  
A newer song.

















H. C.

